

VISION OF OUR LORD

It is Our Lord. He's standing in a white garment, over the sea. There are three ships in different areas, carrying warriors to distant lands.

There's a man standing on one of the ships and he feels something he has never felt before and he does not know what it is. He has been to sea many times, and he, in his cabin has — it is a beautiful statue of The Sacred Heart, and he has it so when the ship rolls, it cannot move. It's barred. And he has often told God he is sorry for his lack of trust that the statue will survive if he doesn't nail it down, but he said it is a treasure of his. Our Lord smiles at this man for his care, his reverence, and his just manner.

Our Lord's skirt is flying in a breeze. His Feet are a beautiful color, almost as if they are gold. The Light shining around Him appears in a different way than we know light to be. It appears gold. His Body almost seems fused with the Light. He is ready to speak.

THE SACRED HEART

“Many of you, My children, have spent many moments with *this child*, listening to Words from Here that are far more worthwhile than any words man can teach, speak, seek, learn. The simplicity of her manner is directed by Here, and All that is taught through her from Here.

As the sun is held high in the sky, it throws a different warmth and light than the Ray of My Love that shines. I hold her tightly, I hold her firmly. She is all Mine, not a fool but a servant, performing tasks as I once did for The Father of all mankind. The stillness of her way, the quiet manner you see, is manifested by listening totally to Me.

Those of you, My little ones, who have come to scoff, not understand, you are as the soldiers were when I walked the land: righteous in your manner, arrogant, forceful, aggressive, determined, and yet ignorant to The Father's Plan. You must understand that as I hold her in My Power, the Light is the Wisdom firsthand. At no time is *the child* ever not with Us, a difficult walk for a Great Plan.

I, The Sacred Heart, say: 'The Light of My Heart will never stand in your way. It will only guide you to greater things. I will never suppress It when you request It to be.' Let the Light shine, My Way though, for you. Let the Warmth of My Love embrace each of you. Let the Wind of My Power envelop you. Let the Truth of My Way develop you. Let the challenges that can only lead you astray, be washed from you, not with the water of the sea, but with the Light of Wisdom.

When you are in fear, look to My Heart and hold It dear. When you are cold, loving It will warm you. When you are rejected, It will give you strength, for the beat of It will surge through you, the Blood of Divine Way. The Blood that I shed on the way to The Hill was picked up by Angels, and when you arrive

Here in Heaven Where I am, you will see It remain, taken care of by the Angels, God's Holy Men.

Children are not being taught truth. They are being taught fallacy, myths. Children are not being taught to pray, to be reverent, to stand in dignity, My Way. Children are not being taught self-discipline, the way it will save their Soul. Children are being subjected to all things evil.

To *the child* I now show the stench of Hell is very real. *The child* is aware of it. The Odor of Sanctity, very real. *The child* is aware of It. The lack of motion is My Power. If I were to drain her of It quickly, she would fall to the ground immediately.

I want each of you to think of what you have viewed, to remember the Lessons We taught to you. Forget yourselves in the selfish way, manner, degree. Think first of The Holy Trinity.

The flags that fly, one day must be replaced by edifices in My Honor, so men will gain Grace. The obstacles will be many, but *the child* is prepared, with Innocence, with Light, with Simplicity, with Truth, with Justice, to love what must be there.

I bless you from the Heavens with My Heart. I bless you with the Light from which all things did start. I bless you with Sound so that your ears will always be alert. I bless you with the Wounds of My Way that I suffered when I was man, for the Souls to come This Way.

My *little servant*, My *little chalice*, My *little fork*, My *little link*, I release slowly. The task is done

JANUARY 7, 1973 AT 2:16 P.M.

THE SACRED HEART

for this moment. You have been given a Personal Taste of Heavenly Way, Heavenly Teaching. Do not shed It from your being, for if you do, you are foolish children. So be it.”

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and continuously as witnessed by all those
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